

**B.C. A.D. N.J.**

by

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Feel free to read and share this volume of poems written from 2006 to 2022 in Wellington, Christchurch, and Auckland, New Zealand. The author is an American who lived there at the time. The copyright is to become part of the cultural capital of humanity immediately upon one's death.

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**B.C.**

“Eremit Hawk Secretary Jesuit Yoruban” (2006)

I see amanitas almost every  
Day on Tinakori Hill. Of reindeer  
    Red  
    Black  
Think I then. No time have I to rate us  
Well. I trundle up the Monty Python Hill.  
    Teal  
    Tell  
Above stark lows and grays abide blue  
Levels! memories! like saucers gliding  
    Aqua  
    Wintry  
On a field or sea, a plane contrasting  
With tall monticule.  
    Teal  
    Bed  
Small mandibles of jumping spiders flick,  
Trace patterns as of missing spider webs  
    Ray  
    Clouds  
A dove's mobility regarding time  
For two years, he just said, a human hid  
    Roads  
    Hay  
Transfigured, fire before the flesher's sea,  
A bow above my level four of cloud  
    Wind  
    Womb  
Which heralds not a drench of monsoon but  
Small mandibles of jumping spiders  
    Red  
    Bends  
Make us fill out forms.  
But I return, and so does he again,  
    And when?  
    And then?  
As we evade, thus far, our shrieking whims.  
The ravaged Caesar of a cabbage leaf  
    Cool  
    Colors  
falls! falls! off my head past glasses in thereon.  
Our savaged sand lives, smoke and dust consoled.

“Ideological” (2007)\*

Spark. Motes of dust float in the beam  
Through canopy of bed and wood  
Good  
Of opened drawer and canopy  
Of forest down on pioneer men  
Inn  
Rangers Beggars Merchants Speeches  
In this floating world suspended  
Hid

Like masters under canopy  
And cover of a palanquin  
Men  
Straining lift with slavery or  
Drunkenness of moon mating  
Rutting  
Simply, masters, servants, but no  
Enoch's Enoch's Enoch's walk, no  
Clue

Into the words that bury them  
Drum  
Mass graves' hundred millions where once  
Tens of millions lived too, longing,  
Stringing  
Beads on rosaries and stringing  
Up unnecessary man-shapes  
Grapes

Exploding as high pressure lights  
Imploding as they reel from heights  
Wits  
Lanternfish of riots, winters,  
Shouts and dreams, exploding Tzar killed  
Lulled  
By propaganda teeming from  
The crowd programmed by snore of sky  
High

\*sprung rhythm

“Centuries of Lights” (2008)

All of us are kamikaze pilots.  
It's a matter of which aircraft carrier to ram  
before deactivation,  
with fewer mangled bodies & torn, twisted bulkheads  
in most cases.

Maybe tyrant Kings are better than their absence,  
better than the Tweedledumdee crypto-oligarchic State.

For Progress is:  
the Reign of Terror or a Bonapartist Plebiscite,  
gunshots in the woods behind a planned community.

“Uchronie” (2009)

‘...The thirty Emperors of New Zealand  
after the collapse of its Republic in 2095  
extended their domain's possessions  
to include Tasmania, New Guinea,  
parts of balkanized Australia &...’  
‘The institution of “protectorates”  
(involving annexation & alliance,  
this latter in some cases genuine)  
by Emperor Murray VI marked the imposition  
of that order from without  
which far-flung Australian city-states  
& small, unstable leagues thereof --  
harassed by raiders  
from the Javan Caliphate & crippling droughts  
domestically -- so sorely needed...’  
‘...Aching teleology or lack thereof of history...  
most regrettable... the Brisbane massacre....  
my sphere of axis shudders....  
hacked-off-breast phenomenon, albeit cultural...’

“The Mirror Men” (2009)

You hold a mirror to your times and group,  
obliged to hoist the colors of your troupe.  
No comprehension is implied by your  
allegiances. You walk along the shore,  
exactly mirroring its curling waves  
as in a graveyard you reflect its graves.  
You're powerless by nature to do Good  
or Evil, only to reflect the wood  
if walking through it, dark or otherwise.  
What connoisseurs! You only believe Big Lies.

“Two Months”

July: Industrial production peaks  
at Horsetail Base. A riot breaks out in  
St. Favonini Square, where dissidents  
denounce the Oligarchs of Horsetail Base,  
known as the Halswell Syndicate. Police  
in riot gear arrived. No massacre  
occurred, twelve brutal beatings having been  
sufficient. August: Weeks of rioting  
begin. Police unable to control  
the escalating situation. Films  
not entertaining People anymore.  
‘The People’ throng the streets, dissatisfied  
with Crooks... & newly enamoured with Hooks.

“5A”

The distant tether of the 5-Australis  
Birkeland Aerostat Array, 5A  
for short, was like a boy with 18 balloons,  
breath puffing from his mouth in rich volcanic,  
locomotive plumes of CO<sub>2</sub>;  
or even like Medusa, snake mouths lunging  
into the magnetosphere to sip  
a million amps or so like butterflies  
alighting on a wild celestial orchid.

“Multipolar” (2008)

Hydrating as a paragraph or verse  
you grow inside a time of quantitative  
easing / currency devaluation /  
open borders / Babelisme, haunting me,  
encircling me like antimissile shields,  
propelling me like an electrolytic  
cell, resolving all my oppositions  
into unities, completing me like glowworms  
all around one of a humming heated  
night! It's 28 Nivôse. Two hundred and nineteen.



“White Sun” (2009)

Forking quietude, transversely bridging  
Branches on the human category  
Tree, aligns with veering vantage points of  
Indices of synonyms & difference  
Between levels of the mind; that is, of  
Thought this winding wind & whirling abode.  
O white sun, bright white, fog-cloaked sun!  
Light light far dissipating, perilous --  
Through fogs of warfare, past Where Dragons Be --  
Escapes mere wounded hours, fueling us  
So briefly... Joy as deafening & still  
As battle slumbers in axial points.

“White Smoke” (2011)

Fukushima plant is leaking coolant -  
white smoke - burning concrete - the reactor  
may be melting - fallout map - "set back the  
industry for decades" - hydrogen sparked  
HWUMPH explosion - Fukushima plant "the  
next Chernobyl" - scientists declare quakes  
'Unrelated' as tectonic plates as  
Japanese authorities distribute  
iodine to counter thyroid damage -  
Quake, tsunami, radiation, fallout...  
Yes the gang's all here - O God\*, pluck out Man's  
technocratic, cybernetic hubris!  
Smash Man back into the stone age! Save Man...!

Men prove themselves unworthy to wield stars.

\*Edited after conversion to Christianity from “The Gods” to “Our Lord. Hence still in B.C.

“Iridium Required” (rolling stresses) (2012)

Singularity: a geometric curve of technical accomplishment  
which scrubs the humans out of untouched infrastructure  
like neutron bombs and bioweapons.

Resource! Grant! Consent! Appraisal! Resource! Resource!  
Must obtain iridium, resource.

DARPA funding super-soldier program.  
Vivisectioning gives way before  
the mighty cost-effective handheld sequencer.  
Geneticists code book in DNA.

Transhumanism: movement to augment humanity.  
Cyborg: a part-organism, part-machine experience.  
Chimera: organisms with genetic data  
from another species. (Anyone will do!)

and last but certainly not least is  
Exoskeleton!: responsive powered frame  
which multiplies its bearer’s strength! and muscular endurance!  
and usefulness! and freedom!

Resource, go to Sector 3. Iridium required.

“Antebellum” (2011)

The ongoing spread of antimissile installations  
indicates that there may soon be strife between great nations,  
that these years are, for all intents & purposes, pre-War,  
an Age when -- not “Democracy”! -- but Big Lies flourish, ‘soar  
on wings of eagles’, set the bloody Middle East afire  
with overt bombs and sneaking Earnest Voices both. Earth’s pyre  
is yet unlit, awaiting some Gavrilo Princip’s shot  
when BAM! an undeclared “Cold” War clicks suddenly to “Hot”.

“Oneiric” (2011)\*

Catwalk dangling from a rippling blackness  
by a metal chain... with men in hardhats,  
six or more of them, unable to stand  
straight & sliding into one another,  
just like helicopters moving girders  
into place so swiftly that the girder  
tilts & rocks... towed by obsidian flat  
ovoid rippling oil-slick stormy blackness.

\*Christchurch earthquake related

“Sketch of helicopter at aftershock party” (2011)\*

Describing rings above shocked Armagh Street  
a helicopter glimmered as it sliced  
past overhead. At one point was it lit  
up by an orange, hot flash of setting star.

\*Christchurch Quake Related

“Hump Century” (2011)

...beamed down from satellites to TVs  
plus nanonetworked smart dust plus deep packets oh I can't  
perceive it all at once! Bound on a treadmill of CVs  
& paying for our training's slant,

as well as its inherent use  
to humankind, we must be more than splintered specialists  
amongst the Google Earths & views,  
we must be more than numbers on chill neatly indexed lists!

There must be a rebirth among the great apes armed with war  
who scout the land & then report  
on its munitions dumps, civilian population, spore  
dispersion mediums, who kill for sport

from helicopters with high-powered rifles, yes there must  
be renaissance among the apes  
who wield the neutron bomb as they disturb the Terran crust.  
Our Lord should take them by their napes.\*

\*Edited after conversion to Christianity from “The Gods” to “Our Lord. Hence still in B.C.

“Focus”

Sometimes, on a street or in a room  
I am a human in a body  
Glancing through its separate selves, mere eyes,  
Into a focus on its living  
Which excludes mere pleasantries on sight.

“The Sun Itself” (2012)

Raw magnanimity, unleashed at men,  
is no respecter of existing forms.  
Quite frequently it clashes with the norms  
which govern this wild sphere whereon we win  
or lose our minute wars, brave manmade storms.  
True power, no mere irritating voice,  
does not make one resentful, like the Sun  
itself does not deprive all men of choice.  
Not of commands is power's lattice spun  
but of humane behavior set to 'stun'.

“An orb's eye view of Fun” (2012)

I never go to parties anymore.  
They're not the ancient ways I sought in them.  
They do not tear the veil back; do not lift  
participants above their hamster wheels;  
have not! do not! will not! communicate  
in dashing tongues of fire; are not the ways  
out of the Age of Iron, Age of the Wolf,  
Age of the Tower come around again  
to haunt the halls of drafty history.

“November 2nd, 2012”

Supervisors overlooked propped-open doors.  
Wind tumbled down the street,  
blew dust off of the ruins.  
Construction workers shucked their flannels,  
roadworks BLEEP!ed the roads.  
Men spoke to one another as to men.  
I stood at ease.\*

“It's now early morning in Neu Sealand” (2013)

Dawn had not yet tie-dyed our arc of sky.  
The wallabies of Waterdeath\*\* had not  
yet stirred. We had not groaned yet by & by  
emerged from wombs of warmth to face the day,  
ingesting caffeine at our usual spot  
and breathing life into our lifeless clay.

Chill blue light shone down from the gibbous moon  
onto the hamster cages that we call  
our homes. Dawn had not passed our farthest dune  
upon its way to greater, grander things,  
like winking out the nightlight in the hall.  
Gray statues shaped like birds had not spread wings.

9 \*Christchurch Earthquake Related; \*\*Waimate

“Horse” (2013)

I didn't even know that he was there  
until he nearly crushed my fingers in  
between two boxes of the pallet where  
I had been stacking them. He beamed & then

cried “Watch your fingers, Bro!” And in that grin  
I saw his topsy turvy, rotten teeth.  
I think of him as Horse because -- well, when  
I look at him I see a horse... Beneath

that bodily encumbrance beats a heart  
of old. Some other workers say he “stinks”\*.  
He's like a duckbilled platypus, apart  
from other species. My heart sometimes sinks

as I peruse his file, look in, away  
from him right there beside me as he zips  
& come to no conclusion, not all day.  
It's better when the good ones crack his whips,

of course. I can't forget him. He looks hurried  
later on where formerly he scurried.

\*I never noticed any smell and suspect this came down to cruelty.

“Logonaut” (2013)

Here be an age when men lack roots  
and spread like roots into the soil  
to find no purchase as ease loots  
them of their energy and toil.

Here be an age that cries for Blood  
and Entertainment in the streets  
and cobblestones and humble mud...  
and both hors d'oeuvres with bucket seats.

I extricated my old roots,  
replacing them down under here  
because the niche I grew here suits,  
because the people just stand clear.

So long as I have words in hand  
I'll glow until I'm ash and bone.  
I am a stranger in this land  
and, too, a stranger in my own.

“The Long Weekends” (2013)

Centuries braid sine curves in the distance.  
Centuries tilt, tumbling in the distance, galaxies of fixed points.  
Fixed points on the axes are so distant,  
warming as warm distant stars,  
wide as wide open roads of two Long Weekends in a row!  
A row of questions pumps my temporary heart,  
and in the distant present I give thanks.

“Two Squibs for Almond Castle” (2013 / 2014)

1.

Fog unravels and untangles  
at Waitati in the bright mist,  
tops of pine trees disappearing  
of a long soaked cloud December.

2.

Though the pace be apace, it's a sweet, swirling place  
where division of labour occurs with mad grace.

“Lycanthropy” (2014)

This full blue moon feels bright and spicy,  
as of different shades of beckoning. Icy  
clouds of conversation rise, unravel,  
cloak the night with shapes like sudden travel,  
by my wracking reckoning. Dicey  
bends, encounters, forks fan out and linger  
like a wreath of new air in my time shape,  
like a figure in a surveillance tape.

“Anomalistics” (2014)

As clouds lower, so do upper-atmospheric lightnings,  
which accounts for some reported sightings.  
So we see them here as if they were alive:  
on infrared or radar in the humming air they thrive.  
Anomalies! Anomalies are beautiful, I feel.  
For just this sentiment see Devereux, Vallée, & Keel.  
Ghost soldiers clomp stampeding stamp down shuttered shaking streets.  
Some are called elves, some are called sprites. They light this strange old sky  
of nights. And they bestir me with the holy question “WHY?!”

“Many Mansions” (2015)

Once upon a timelessness and spacelessness I learned that  
Yin and Yang is Cain and Abel , sheep & fruit. I’m able  
and I’m keen, a good keen can catch-all can do here  
on the fractured plates of Aotearoa,  
gift of the volcanic fire, for in the shimm’ring distance  
hills are cloaked by their own clarity,  
clad in a state of mind above both thought  
& feeling. Almost could I be an animist among  
such objects. It is chryptochromin-activating dusk  
o’clock & all my thoughts have changed because  
we have not even gotten used to fire  
& light bulbs! What is more, there is a backdoor in  
the mind, but most go for dead coals that it has long departed,  
rippling from the epicenter of a victory:  
being in becoming’s sphere of axis, right suspension of the givens.

“Impressions” (2015)

Precipitate precipitation fell  
like hypodermic needles down the sky  
and turned daylight’s blue bowl into a well.  
As night light interrupted by and by

slick asphalt glistened like black ice and shone  
with bug-eyed light as Sol sets over sea  
so scintillatingly. But minds of stone  
care nothing for such beauties, scarcely see

beyond the nearest human being’s eyes,  
and do not look up at void, ancient Moon.  
It does not matter to them if the skies  
are foggy with red, urban light or noon

is thriving with the foxtail wisps of clouds.  
Like filigree, they lose themselves in crowds.

“Testimony” 18-6-15

I grew up in “The Truth”, they said: The Church  
Without TVs, the 2x2 black-stockinged Church.  
I left The Church Without a Name when I was 17.

“The ant goes marching 1x1, hoorah! hoorah!”

The brother workers on the left, the sister workers on  
the right, the pulpit platform with the Overseers on  
it in the center with the microphone between.

A voice is saying “Let us turn to Hymn Sixteen.”

A sister worker’s voice is quaking at the pulpit, an  
excruciating testimony. Flies  
become too fascinating. Sweat drips down.

A brother worker later charged with sexually  
abusing women is now saying “Don’t  
put God in a box” at Effie convention. Then I saw  
my cousin asking him about subversive doctrine in  
the dusk as everyone but us was headed  
towards the donuts in the dining hall, which  
made up somewhat for spending five! hours! sitting down.

A diet of dystopias & Valentinus  
-- Simon Cyrenean, Hypostasis of the Archons,  
Hylics, Psychics, & Pneumatics oh my! --  
mediated my disassociation, then  
my integration into mainstream life  
was shocking, but I’m still some silver linings:

now inoculated against love-bombs,  
sensitive to power structuration  
& manipulative, cultic interaction.

So, I’ll share what I’ve accumulated  
in the course of my investigation.

They were ruled by so-called “Overseers”,  
so I got a teenage introduction  
to the oligarchic concept, then I  
learned the word was what I had been noting.  
One could say: in the beginning was the  
concept joined with sweat & sense impressions.

Irvine, William: founder of the sect in  
County Tipperary, Ireland. Excommunicated  
by the group we later called “The Overseers”.  
When he started preaching about preaching  
13



to the aliens, his archons or lieutenants  
spooked and left, then Cooney. But the “People  
of the Message” were still faithful to their founder.  
I can taste sectarian distinctions.

There were heretics. We spoke of them in whispers.  
They were said to believe that Jesus always  
had his full-fledged powers at the ready.  
At the battlements we watched for them in whispers,  
whispers about heretics here in the Last Days,  
in the “Age of Mammon & the Devil”,

then a lightning bolt of adolescence  
crackled me with drilling dreams of snapping snakes.  
The leukocytes could smell my heresy! The fun began.  
“Are you all right?” “Something has changed in you.”  
It had! I was a mediating Valentinian! The Inquisition started.  
“What happened, Trent?” Interrogated Subject. Subject “Fine”.

“The Crackling of Thorns” (2015)

Forest fires have their own weather systems.  
Sudden gusts of wind arise. A villa goes up  
like a protesting Hinayana monk.  
There goes another:  
popcorn in a bellows-driven furnace.

Blacksmiths in the Heavens  
must be forging a fresh flail  
to scourge the divide-and-multiply Southwest  
of its afflictions;  
but if so they'll have a hard time quenching it.

Los Angeles, Las Vegas bake  
like Mayan pottery or cuneiform-inscribed clay tablets,  
depleting fossil aquifers and laughing, laughing  
long into their loud, electric nights.

“It is the number of men”

Intensifying resource exploitation tries  
to save a currency before it dies  
of faith, faith in the markets, faith in loan sharks  
and their longhorn debtors, faith in shadowed sparks,

Faith! Faith! another era will not arise.

But I myself stare skeptically at all men  
and their geometrically-abundant din  
on Earth of boom and bust and wonder... how much  
longer... How much longer can men do it, clutch  
Rare Earths in primate talons, cold to the touch.

“Walpurgisnacht” (24-7-15) (rolling stresses)

It seems Walpurgisnacht  
can neither be created nor destroyed;  
for scarcely had the Knights returned from Palestine  
when Inquisition and then Witch Trials

started torturing confessions  
“Yea, I flew my broom to Sabbath Night!  
The lord of darkness was an he goat!”  
(emphasis on ex!clam!a!tion)  
out of writhing innocents

& then burning them alive,  
(which they would never do to pigs or chickens,  
which is known as “overcooking”).  
They were practicing a form of human sacrifice  
known as “burnt offering”.

It smelled like sweet & sour pork  
before it smelled like charcoal...  
It was Hell on Earth!  
The mob was chittering like imps.

Then, when the courts began to get suspicious,  
colonies took up the slack.  
They drained off chaff & wheat alike abroad  
to leer self-righteously at Temples of the Sun.

Descendants of Witchfinder Generals  
are still paranoid about those  
toxoplasma gondii-infected people,  
but they give them toxic psychotropics  
in their homes these days  
instead of burning them alive in public.

The Crusades is now the War on Terror,  
and the fractious theologians are now climatologists.

“Cast Abroad Rage Alpha Sector Roger” (2015)

I can feel recalibration coming  
like a burning plastic bottle, thrumming  
somewhere in their building, building up  
to something, overspilling up a cup.  
I feel crescendo in their willing distance,  
putting up a token of resistance,  
jutting out into abyss, down!-going  
down! down! down! the rapids of their rowing.

“Metal Lightning” 9-7-15

Much like a yeast made out of light,  
it moved as if it had a mind.  
It pulsed across their line of sight  
and made me wonder: of what kind?

And are there metal lightnings there  
blue composites of living fire  
arrayed in troupes across the air?  
I visualize a sort of wire,

a sort of vacuum tube of air,  
with a short circuit for a death.  
They stopped their BBQ to stare,  
unconsciously to hold their breath.

Perhaps in troupes among the skies,  
ball lightning sleeps, dreams, wakes, & glides  
has children, lives as well as fries.  
Perhaps a bigger mystery hides

among the clouds than discoid ships  
whose grayish sailors with big heads  
sail vacuum on cow rustling trips  
& kidnap people from their beds.

“Shaking Couplets” 8-7-15

One sees so many categories in this light,  
subcategories lighting dawn with height  
of heath. One sees so many different lights  
between one's mind's eye & the sights.  
It brightens up the very room I'm in  
myself & shaking fumble for my pen.  
Dictation is columnar fire & cloud.  
The eidolon is at its best. The crowd  
goes savage like a distant crash of waves,  
a sort of scenery as at the raves.

“Suspension of the givens” 2-7-15

There is no situation but can be  
transfigured from within, herein  
suspension of the givens  
mid, among dilating weeks.  
I'm involuting something sounder than a sign  
at 1AM like blasting off  
somewhere in time and space,  
and whole wherever that is.  
Yes, there is no turning back,  
and wind is like a sculpture of the moon.

“Midsummers Break” 2-7-15

There is a blue ring round the Moon,  
& then a thicker bright cream ring,  
and I am running round myself  
for blue & bright cream rings  
and tunneling through rich, dense air.  
Endorphins, mobilize! Soul, strike like lightning!  
For, I'm free!!  
\*Terms & Conditions apply.  
One's freedom lasts a fortnight.  
Invalid in the following non-WorldGov territories:  
North Korea, Russia, China, Venezuela, Cuba & Iran.

“Sincère Lecteur” (2015)

You would rather your soul's chain reaction  
than material success of an entropic image  
wracked by Gessel taxes, relatives, suggestions,  
growing ever tireder, pleasing no-one  
but the boosters who manipulate its heartstrings.

“Binkyng rabbits & zigzagging cats” (2015)

Binkyng rabbits & zigzagging cats  
proclaim those are their greatest moments,  
those zigzagging, binkeyng sea serpent hymns of praise.  
We too zigzag, we too binky our apotheoses,  
like a dense, forked sapping operation.  
Blasphemy: trying to jam someone’s zigzag,  
trying to stop Life from entering into this Earth of the Dead.

“Contraction & Magnanimity” (2015)

Grim sky looms gray, a sickly, writhing void  
inside of one. Nightmarish bright gray days  
& that low-pressure with which they're alloyed  
replace habitual disciplines with haze  
as harsh self-criticisms smirk & feud.  
No progress & no product is enough  
on such a day, with static gray imbued;  
one's very soul departs one in a huff.

Our grander days of gliding, godlike clouds  
proclaiming an exact munificence --  
recalled to mind -- oppose these banshee shrouds  
of a particular deluge... Intense,  
far, warming, this light yoke of hours starts.  
A whole begins to coalesce from parts.

“Transfixion: Otautahi-Christchurch” (2015)

I’ve successfully amalgamated  
intellectuality with manual  
labour -- which is something that the Marxists  
seem not to have bothered with -- so as to  
bring about humane alignments, not just  
of the body & the mind but of the  
concept & the practice. This is natural:  
some trees just have further trees inside them,  
even if the counting magpies see not,  
for these trees on trees transfix my silence.  
I am transfixed on Yggdrasil, I am  
turning in the wind among raw helixes of birds, bred  
among my hours to this consummation.  
Lightning streams into extremities, demanding a strong vessel,  
breaking many a strong vessel. Praise it  
without names far from coordinates & hours

“Astride an Ape” (2015)

To shape my ape up to the finish line  
I planned & tweaked, came up with a design  
which broke the norms of my society  
in all alertness & sobriety  
of purpose, conscious of the full support  
of something greater, grander than my access port,  
my terminal & lightning rod on legs  
which has no purpose but to lay its eggs.  
What norms, you ask? Oh, just the usual ones:  
no fossil fuel use & no hot cross buns;  
no buns on seats all day at any price!  
& rather than their fast food, oats & rice.  
More norms: no birthday / parties, little drink.  
I find that both just jam the way I think.  
I believe it is our birthright to be glad,  
astride an ape between the hebdomad,  
a way out of the wailing wall of souls,  
becoming, being more than great ape roles.

“I wish that I had longer toes” (2015)

I wish that I had longer toes  
so I could have four hands.  
I watch my toes just open, close,  
repeating my demands.

But no one listens, least of all  
my stubby little toes.  
At least they help me stand up tall  
& level out my nose.

“Epistle to the Solitaires” (2015)

The apparitional psychology  
of solitaires, like a particle,  
accelerator, stills the willing wilds  
so that the miniscule but extent stands  
out in the sharpest of reliefs, as  
monkishly apparent as a ghost,  
red-flagged among the primate gestural  
vocabularies filling other cracks  
in their collection of stalactites: we  
are just too autonomic day to day  
to pass unnoticed, live in hidden heights,  
experience emotions they don't have  
which don't have names. We praise an Inner Sun  
& are not isolated humanoids.  
We sequence emanations that  
they do not even know are possible!  
among their cubicles & mortgages.  
We flourish carefully, refining our  
proportions, watch The World with wide bright eyes.

“Peering through a window pane at a transmitting bee” (2015)

It was as though that bee had tried to speak  
with those gesticulations of her legs  
& thorax, one leg sometimes rubbing past  
her head. She finally whirled off in a huff,  
not having gotten through to me at all.

“Dageurrotype” (2015)

Dickinson, who called itself "Least Figure  
on the Road", burnt out its codependent  
ape mind and continued on its mission.  
Those desiring further information  
should see Schopenhauer's lifelong work on  
the renunciation of the will.

**A.D.**



“Song of the Kingdom” (2015)

Mid violet golden lights of early morn  
It's near to sing this still small sequence. Here  
It is! because the veil has richly torn.  
This is the closest It has come all year

along the stages of this still small proof.  
Each threshold of inductive proof is clear  
after the leap at first, up through the roof;  
& as It wakes us, shows us how to steer,

we sense without a need for further leaps.  
Desires that are not needful turn to ash.  
The stakes are high, the game is played for keeps,  
& what I used to be was just a gash!

an open wound! a birthday manimal!  
a dying fallen bundle of desires  
It gives the coup de grace. My animal  
is quite reluctant to give back my fires

as lights, wide open nurturance of height  
of presence near, & joy among the briars!  
But It decided it would be so, sight  
unseen: the Inmost Sunlight which inspires.

“Shockwaves from the Crucifixion” (2016)

As rain drops fall within the sky,  
so even joy enfolds a cry;  
so bubbles rise within the sea,  
foot-dragging shirks behind decree,  
a prince of evil swamped by Love;  
so doth the hand fit to the glove;  
so intercessor named “Guan Yin”;  
so interplay of Yang & Yin;  
so Jesus Sutras reach the East  
with the Nestorians, at least;  
Sidharthaism--> Ancient Greece  
(great white expanse as Golden Fleece).  
A Nameless Dream & Hidden Voice!  
In which nor both should one rejoice?  
For one converted this Wild West,  
the firstborn that Far East at best.

“Jesus’ General Amnesty > your retirement plan” (15-1-16)

But one is even as a Shaker chair  
dwarfed by galaxies that rotate there  
& superclusters of the same as stars  
arranged in constellations. Beyond Mars  
gas giants do their duty, organelles.

Meanwhile, most go for that which strokes & sells  
& ye shall know them by this sign: they say  
“retirement” “mortgage” “practical” all day.  
But “practical” is just the sepulcher  
dressed up in alabaster, splashed with myrrh.

One is not better off than on the dole  
if one has not done more than heaping coal.

“The atemporal Godhead thought of time” (2016)

So many flourishes, wild whorls, winged cherubim & horns  
festoon the Lord God, our Creator’s, work of timely art,  
His panoply of giants, penitence & unicorns  
that one can scarcely wrap one’s head around it, for a start.

The Lord is atemporal, yet He thought up time & space!  
This is the very benchmark of originality:  
We couldn’t do that even if our milling minds should race.  
One sees the restless artist in His personality:

He tells Hosea to go find a harlot & get hitched,  
but also tells the prophet Jeremiah not to marry  
(this quite vividly), The narratives were switched  
around like swords, a process that one finds, at times, quite scary.

But one is resigned to be calligraphy & scribble;  
thanks Him for the scenery, the free will & the kibble.

“Moths sprang round at Linwood Cemetery (2016)

A coil of tussock grassland moths sprang round  
Linwood Cemetery. Although sharp wind  
sliced through their ranks, 8? straightaway snapped back,  
a hornet’s nest of angry rubber bands.  
The meander of a single moth or pair  
go by ago as two months coil up  
two moths amid that marbled blue we breathe  
in, then one saw that entire squadron sproing  
past crosses toppled & upright then boing  
off hills off stage.

“Ah, Mrs. Moon! So nice of you to join us” (2016)

Pale rose moon rose into first blue then purple sky  
then changed into an evening dress of shining bone  
as spangled Port Hills\* lurched from white sarcophagi.  
As one admired it, one realized: I’m not alone!

No, not alone, & they weren’t looking at the moon  
but at yours truly. Please have better things to do  
when moons are full than staring at one’s blissful swoon,  
or anyone’s! Their stares distracted me askew.

I watched my interface. What does one even say  
to people who blurt, oh, a couple hundred words,  
a dozen prefab lines, stage Earth’s most boring play?  
They are as differentiated as the birds

because they give no thoughtful traction for one’s wheels  
& will not speak their living minds or go on spiels.

“Big Father is Watching You” (2016)

But in the meantime, everything we do is watched  
& everything Big Brother touches ends up botched  
like Libya or all those spikes in rates  
of cancer all humanity has on their filling plates.  
The birds are dying & the fishes in the sea,  
& Man cannot fix any of this by decree  
nor world-state nor syncretic ideology,  
nor yet by cybernetics & technology.  
SIN trashed the fertile paradise God gave our kind!  
One in ten thousand people even seems to mind.  
It couldn’t be coincidence when I discerned  
the ‘loss of Heaven’s mandate’ in world histories, learned  
an index of this X & Y & realized it was real.  
Sin really does dry up the land & too the commonweal.

\*The Port Hills in question are those of Christchurch.

“Forgive us, Father, for we’re trained to sin” (2016)

Forgive us Father, for we’re trained to sin  
against your statutes long before we know  
quite what is going on, deafened by din  
& interaction, reaping what we sow.

We slumbered deeper towards the pit,  
and many were the snares we did not see.  
So many were the traps we would not get.  
So many ways to kill a human flea

defile & thereby steal your gift of time;  
& down here this has all been normalized,  
or nearly all, as what was once a crime  
becomes first normative then formalized.

Forgive us, Father, for we grope around  
& cannot even trust this shifting ground.

“Verse Notes on Nomadic Territorial Explosiveness (2016)

Nomadic territorial religiosity  
of Canaan’s conquest Alexander Islam Genghis Khan  
explodes like telegraph or fiber optic cables, but  
animists (such as the Mongol Horde) or polytheists  
(such as Alexander’s or apostate Solomon’s) break  
up like a marriage or a fragmentation hand grenade.  
Nomadic territorial religiosity  
may be a prairie fire like Marxist-Leninism or  
a slash & burn bell curve of Rust Belts & fresh markets or  
some other coatrack burning coalmine time release snafu.

“Sin, with reference to the painter Ljuba”( 2016)

“O sing unto the Lord a new song: sing unto the Lord, all the earth!” – Psalm 96:1

The Bible says that we are slaves to sin.  
Well, one is much the same as other men,  
in this regard, but can articulate  
the fact that lust is shaped the same as hate  
in one's mind's eye; it's also as unclean.  
I will explain exactly what I mean,  
but first would like to mention Ljuba's work --  
“Temptations, Afterwards” -- where ‘cthulhus’ lurk,  
where what was throbbing is unraveling.  
One mentions this for those whose traveling  
is less internal & more visible,  
whose consciousness is less divisible  
into compartments & comparisons.  
Most horses don't see their caparisons,  
so that is why I'm holding up a glass.  
It isn't just a pretext to be crass.  
It's why the human male smokes afterwards  
& why it says “unclean & hateful birds”.  
Such pairings are not simply accidents,  
& what at first seems simple can be dense.  
Paul says, “[that] which I would not, that I do”.  
It's shaped like the recurrence when we stew  
about someone or something, or we lust  
about someone or something. So, I trust  
the Bible's psychological insight.  
We need not merely believe who know the Light.

“True Light That Lighteth Every Man”( 2016)

Dialectical materialist views of history  
are the doctrine of four ages taught in ancient mystery  
schools without the pesky, overt supernaturalism  
which would be unsuited to an age of naturalism,  
a procedure Jefferson & Tolstoy follow --  
doubting Thomases without a prayer? -- who think to hollow  
out the Tree of Life then hallow the remaining dead wood  
into a totem pole & do the world a world of good  
with minarchist & anarchist ideas that don't bear fruit --  
that is, eternal life; rule over many things -- & loot  
scripture of salvation, thinking they do men a favor.  
Libertas binds men the more! Hath their salt lost its savior?  
Plato's daemons fell & tarnished their beloved Golden  
Age, seduced the hearts of Socrates & Jung. From olden  
days unto modernity, the selfsame writhing snake nest  
wrestles with free wills that God designed to choose a house guest.  
Why don't you invite the one whose yoke is not deception?  
Jesus christened you with His zinc spark at your conception.

26

“Simultaneous Verses” (2016)

CERN spastic gestural equivalence  
blue hardhats Gotthard choreography –  
Troop preparations in the Baltic states.  
Rumors of war in the United States.  
Drought in the Horn of Africa, Far East  
& India CLICK Toxins have increased  
in drinking water. Toxins fill the air  
near busy roads, the air we have to share.  
We’re late! Our schedule is just action-packed.  
We gotta pivot to the Shanghai Pact.  
Alzheimer’s on the rise. Die-offs on coasts  
of Vietnam & Chile. Heads on posts  
at Raqqa. Swivel to the Caliphate -  
No, pi- No, swi—We’re very late indeed.  
“Therefore keep watch, because you do not know  
the day on which your Lord will come”, He said. \*

\*Poems written during the A.D. cycle took prophecy too literally, materially, and geopolitically.

“Father Timelessness” (2016)

Father’s consuming fire created us  
in His spare timelessness. The Tree of Life  
& Branch of Jesse of one Tree of Life  
are one. His flaming sword flicks restlessly.  
He flings Pleiades into place. The pace  
picks up. He hangs the galaxies on strings  
like Yule-cum-Christmas lights & knows all men,  
yes all of our cognitions & our deeds.  
You know Him in the secret passageways.  
The Lord of Everyman & DNA --  
who deigned by incarnation of best fit  
to speak exactly in the corner -- is  
aware of all the ‘Once upon a time  
& space’ that He created to a t.  
You know Him in the secret passageways  
where you admit you don’t know everything.  
He ponders every iteration of  
temporospatial statuary,  
every ensouled terracotta warrior  
wandering the hive of hamster cages --  
unimpressed with the Forbidden City,  
penguin suits, & all our other rags -- with  
an omniscient justice outside time.

“Shanghaied” 19-11-16 (2016)

In 2012 one set out on a quest  
against a backdrop of declining West,  
Eurasian integration, Shanghai Pact’s  
emergence from the same & all the rest,  
positioning for temporary pax

& then for war to break the nation-state.  
Of course, one did expect a longer wait  
before the Russians & the Chinese warmed  
relations, but the Ukraine crisis stormed  
past; so, one watched it all accelerate,

ignored just-paying-off-my-mortgage men  
disgustedly, passed Chinese 3 & then  
began to study Russian for a change  
while inwardly convicted of one’s sin.  
One realizes that this must all sound strange,

but all of it occurred exactly so.  
One ceased to sleep around with men. Although  
that was 9 months before the Day Star’s rise,  
He sometimes lightens us before we know.  
He watches us with 7 flying eyes.

The Day Star lightens the horizon first,  
perhaps because one might have feared the worst,  
& one is still not sure quite what to make  
of Him, considering He means to break  
us! but the textbook says He quenches thirst.

The textbook says so very many things.  
For instance, there are ladies with stork wings  
who carry a lead-shielded harlot far  
away & plant her in a fresh Shinar.  
Chimeras even torment with their stings,

though one is still unsure why there’s a goat  
fused to the Neo-Hittite one. I note  
that the most controversial two words  
yom & aionos – bookend all He wrote.  
I wonder when our Lord will feed the birds.

“Human-Algorithm Interface Dynamics” (2017)

Perspiration soaks X exosoldiers.  
Override Staff Sergeant Matthew Carson.  
Crickets. Ladies selling them at market.  
Left shift. Carson-piercing round fwips past, thwockcks  
into a trunk. Restoring manned control.  
Staff Sergeant Carson, forward crouch! 2...3....4...  
Override Staff Sergeant Matthew Carson:  
Halt 3 seconds. Bullet! Bullet... In near  
sky above the greenhouse canopy a drone hums,  
handling infrared & bullet-tracking streams.  
Restore full manua- – Override. Shift right.  
Restoring manned control. Mosquito smashed.  
Staff Sergeant Carson, forward crouch! Can’t...scratch...itch...  
Rally point configuration Delta.  
Override Staff Sergeant Matthew Carson.  
Squad assumes configuration, rallies  
soaked in steaming bush like laundry left out  
in a monsoon. General Algorithm  
Protocol: three-squad array alignment.  
Squads! B! C! Override. Align with A Group.

“Esquisse Exophonique” (2017)

Cette brume s’entoure autour de nous.  
Je sens tissus lointains.  
Ces temps tumultueux s'accélèrent.  
L’ouragan brumeux de tout changement s'accélère  
et je sens tissus lointains.  
Le Camp des Saints arrivent en caravanserai,  
la politique génétique, Babylone en spirale.  
Parmi l’ouragan brumeux de tout changement  
je sens tissus lointains  
intemporels s’épanouirent, resplendissants.



“Verse notes on the Metcalf sniper shootings” (2017)

*spiked trees*

Radical environmentalism’s

*“Roadblock. Let me do the talking”*

*lodge’s conflagration*

monkey wrenchers’ caused 115

*Earth First!*

million dollars’ damage in 3 decades

*“Do you have a petrol permit...”*

vs 15 million dollars’ sniper

*“...for that minivan you’re driving?”*

damage from the Metcalf shootings

*“No! I mean, I own it” --*

(which transpired across about an hour).

*“Mother & her children*

*own that minivan, you waster”*

Infrastructure in a crumbling state is

*“So, you’re saying” he continued*

*“But I, no I...!” -- “Quiet, waster while I!”*

more significant than infrastructure

*“that you are not classified to drive this...”*

in a building state; the Luddites of the

*“...limited supply of petrol...”*

upward slope or peak are not those of the

[Petrol Use & Classifying Edict:

twilight. Neither are the Nihilists, the

Ambulances, Combine Harvesters, & Vigilantes]

*“...hereby execute the sentence...”*

Nazis, the Anarcho-Communists... For

BANG BANG

coefficients between debt & crumbling

BANG BANG

infrastructure spot technocracy with crosshairs.

BANG BANG BANG.\*

\*It's almost as though a popular song were playing in the background.

“Autumn Mosaic” (2017)

Great Power condemnation  
of Imperial Japan’s  
invasion of Manchuria or Manchukuo  
Now, coiled weeks spring in autumn  
“Yes we have no bananas”  
1949 1<sup>st</sup> Lightning Superpowers  
1989 The Berlin Wall falls

Solar panels crumble underfoot

Sole-superpower period  
Great Britain joins the  
Asian International Investment Bank.  
This triptych – 3 Great Powers -- Russia China & America --  
rotates around a block of stumbling  
as near Sol rotates around in Uncreated Light.  
Flies of the marketplace buzz round one.

“Light ariseth in the darkness”

“Are you meditating?” Flies alight on contemplation  
as on rotting meat. They buzz sharply  
“What did you just do?”  
& sniff in disapproval at the hopeless help these days.  
Buzzing coagulates in “How Are You Fine” clots  
of dream home & retirement plan.  
These are the drying templates known as sanity;

“All of my springs are in Thee”, L’Éternel des Galaxies

No higher definition can exist  
without the intervention of that Uncreated Light.  
A covert psychopath seems very “well-adjusted to a sick society”  
to fallen stoats in waistcoats Game of Twister ‘ever after’ pigs in wigs.  
Fastidiously cornerstoneless templates will not understand.  
For how will people made of fairy gold dream dreams?  
thus dream dream mansions? understand then new men

Onan as the converse of Elisha

in the first place? Old boys squee at one another  
in the valley of the shadow then go down in flames.  
They idolize retirement in the valley. Unsuccessfully.  
Sometimes the melting masques slip & the other species  
that inhabit Homo ecosystem peek out of the valley  
too intently. Then I see a sculpture of behaviors,  
interactions, plumbing, wiring -- suddenly holography

It says ‘I shaved’

& horizontal interlocking. Ticking tocking ticktock ticking  
coiled weeks spring in autumn.  
I open up my model of the Earth  
and as so often lately, find myself  
above the comma curling continent,  
home of shrill shrinking Venezuelans,  
& wonder if the east of South America

I say "I groomed the horse"

will Balkanize... Regime change suddenly. GONG CHONG  
My mind's eye flicks to Rapanui car door slams  
flicks over to Peru & Chile then primordial primeval "... not in service..."  
back aback in time to Chachapoyas, Viracochas, beep! beep! beep! beep!  
spiraling to life! I AM ALIVE honk! honk!  
within disintegrating matter. I'm HOOOOOOOONK  
modelling imperfect storm in all directions. CHGONG GCHONG

Saying 42: "Be passerby"

"It's a seedling factory, not a funhouse!" (2017)

There's a backdoor in your mind  
worth more than any cozy sugar cube.  
Dendritic overlays of best fit shoots  
don't have shortcomings of AI or men;  
would undermine this Planet of the Apes with victory.  
He that clothes Himself with timelessness as  
with a garment primed that backdoor in you  
as a jeweler sets a stone. If you were  
in a seedling factory, what might you do differently  
among sneer-snarls, bulge-buzzard eyes, steep stares?  
among men's unmanned mannequins? not wearing clothes?

"Give me an A! CLAP CLAP Apokatastasis" (2017)

Two men will be coding at the cubicle.  
The one will call The Storm on all the world  
a perfect storm Thank Friday that it's Friday Ha!  
The other one will say away a ways off in dense day  
this Tribulation period Grande Tribulation Velikaya Skorb  
*This storm* Give me an A! CLAP CLAP Apokatastasis  
*of demographic skewing, geometric automation,*  
*crumbling infrastructure, exponential debt,*  
both Sun and Moon's obeisance & that of the eleven stars  
*food shortage, water shortage, precious metals shortage*  
"they shall go no more out of the temple"  
*cancerous contamination of groundwater, air, seawater,*  
"and the Lamb shall be the light thereof"  
(Sun Moon 11 Stars of Heaven bowing)  
*is upon technocracy*

“...arsenal” (The Sun) -- Then, Insurrection of the Moon?” Spring 2017

'Calexit is to Aztlan as a peel is to its fruit'  
puts one in mind of 1947 in Punjab.  
News from the Grecian, Spanish, & Italian fronts is grim.  
It's happening in Vladivostok, happening in Minsk,  
in Moskva, everything just happens happily;  
but chargers dangle from the walls like shrunken heads.  
Dendritic balance in equilibration  
rises in the foreground. In the background:  
ageing demographics --> baby factories or migration --  
States' reconstitution & recalibration,  
like King Midas but with diasporas:  
Palestinians, Armenians, Marwari, Afrikaners, Everybody  
Everywhere Los Angeles-Manhattan  
mirrored -- thesis synthesis antithesis -- Alt-Right + Red Guards  
= center-junta? “hammer of the whole world”?  
Barcelona Declaration -- Coudenhove-Kalergi --  
Barbara Lerner Spectre “over Europe” Sharia Patrols --  
birth rate declining in Islamic heartland, globally --  
Nordrhein-Westfalen cache (The Guardian) --  
not deportation nono but totalitarian  
centralisation YES! YES! YES! “ten thousand weapon  
arsenal” (The Sun) -- Then, Insurrection of the Moon?  
is rain drops not yet hail stones inasmuch  
as Schengen Movement ends: internal passport system like  
a classified directory of home lines  
bends, trucks ramming into last men, fire doors  
slam... thus water torture then the typhoon  
till entangled, torn hearts, hear hope herein  
left out of their blueprints & their spreadsheets  
hunkered, tangled in a tingling near year  
Bracque violin of murmur amid clamor  
clamber limber up the modelling rejected  
of the Builders of the Temporary  
Tower's teetering like elephants in  
The Temptation of Saint Anthony in  
suites of swipe & swoop without disease.  
Without, disease & want. Went out among  
our poverties; some poverties within  
our server bay organics, some without.  
Why even let them in one's server bay?  
East Asia doesn't. Hermits don't. So why??

Birds will be birds in branches of Yggdrasil.

"Notes: 'perplexity of nations'" (2018)

X is to x squared is to x cubed as  
WW1 to WW2 to WW  
3 as League of Nations is to U.N.  
is to WorldGov's a scenario much  
in one's crosshairs, like one's gray hairs or one's earlocks  
or the physiology of sex as

necessarily relates to Soul. For  
in our mount we're different lamp, unwelcome.  
As "a great door and effectual opened" up,  
so many adversaries in one's mount,  
about, a bit like sour bunting bones  
and dizzy flies, and then there's falling down

among skyscrapers,skies, stock market floors  
a blinded horse to keep one busy bee  
below. Among the beelines for baloney  
we don't juggle three but mesazoic,  
power bills, balls, "dead men's bones", bots, bother,  
faces, tones. We juggle 1 bajillion,

often without mercy; even though it's  
mass society & we should have compassion  
on accelerating jugglers; much as  
we accelerate ourselves, expanding  
universes twining in us. Great apes  
desperately encumber crumbling twilight.

Sometimes 12 balls. Sometimes 47!  
Oops it happens. Something blows the breaker.  
Billionaire: a plausible deniability  
autonomous appurtenance, like North Korea.  
Anymore, these proxies tangle like extension cords.  
Word is, among dystopians: transmitters

broadcast model citizen John Jacob Everyman  
to everybody! smart dust searchable: fantastic  
paranoia! but remote-controlling roaches was  
sufficient leaven. So we got the loaf we cooked up  
in the burning labyrinth, well done! As robots race  
against our exoskeletons, we hedge our bets. We

talk of blockchain, debt apocalypse, apocalypse in  
general, & the physiology of sexual acts,  
aware that a distractobot might well at any time  
dilute communication with mere questionnaire. But one  
digresses. Now, where was one? 'Physiology of Sex,  
Relation to Religiosity of Same': some have

a married face as though one flesh. One wonders if it's wrong for instance to take tissue samples, with consent of course. Here, have a look. Just LOOK how similar those lovebirds look. Perhaps one can just know it as a player throws a ball – without equations – but would lose these iterated opportunities to witness to fissiparous modernities of Him.

“If 'Don Juan' Then the Prussic acid” (2018)

Byron was right to be annoyed  
at Shelley's choice of “Ariel”:  
which sank in seething sea. “How long  
do you intend to be content”  
his doppelgänger said to him  
along the terrace, terrified him!  
among centuries. Was given  
“Skylark”! Shelley's way of thanking  
God was... (Well, “Life” didn't “Triumph”.)  
Nietzsche wrote <<The antiChrist>>  
& then baa ztt! insane. The brain  
may be a blasted fig tree or  
an emperor grazing grass, a grim  
end/interlude continuum. So,  
if you have a speck of talent,  
be afraid! Perhaps you won't be  
torn apart, Abdul Alhazred  
in the marketplace, a horse of  
course of course, a blasted weeping  
or Nebuchadnezzar the King!

“Thou shalt not forgot thy PPE” 22-3-19

And “fire”, or how to make  
the flame-retardant raiment  
came down from on high,  
consumed who would not  
yet strap into their protective gear.  
To wear a “Babylonish garment”  
piles on coal! and that is why  
who stoked the furnace died!  
For “jealousy [doth] burn like fire”  
and magnanimity is deadly to the dead.

“Brachiating in te akeake, the eternal tree” Winter-Spring 2018

In the beginning, Good said “Let there be enlightenment”.

Orange lichen grows on shingled roofs of Ōtautahi town.  
FOG SIMILAR SIGN PET [ting] boils up Avon side, lip.  
Orange lamps ripple on black water of the Ōtākaro.

Without omniscience, we cannot trust  
our very selves, nor yet be truly just.  
Thus, “Let your eye be single that your body fill with light”...  
a voice exactly in the corner said, upon an height.  
It opens you up to possession, they hear-say  
who said ‘He hath a de-vil’ way back in the day.  
“Light of the World”! Light light! “Father of lights”!  
Column of Flame that guides through desert nights!  
the outmost Sun & inmost Son... one-pointed mind...  
the reason WHY we're humankind.  
Expansive, almost there! then falling

foreground here: One clambored up from growing ground.  
One's bookbag hung upon a broken branch,  
FOG SIMILAR [to] SMOKE DIVIDE LIGHT HERE  
swaying. Hold it, swivel, hang. Alert all  
sides night light mist lavender-grey orange white  
BEAUTIFUL IT VERY QUIET STILL CALM  
GOLD. Why, any limb draped restful eases  
one's primeval hang! Refractions softly of lined lamplights...  
egg-yolk blur-edged risen-hugely jack o' lantern Luna...  
I LEARN ASL EGG FROM <<SHAPE WATER>>  
AND NZSL SIGN EGG VIC D BOOK

Something-must-be-done about this numbing fork!  
but all dendrition dreamt discomfort.  
How one envies orange orangutans, cream  
gibbons! One would dwell in branches in  
a proven prism warehouse, and glad glass  
about it would enclose close orchard. One  
would swing from shelf to health, watch silvereyes  
scarf fat! But I'm not covetous, more in it  
for the necessary model in the middle.

Ahasuerus! Ahasuerus sitteth on the throne.  
OUR SOLAR SYSTEM NOT FAR FROM G-A-L-A-C-T-I-C CENTER  
...getting little numb in the extremities.  
Detached from cold, accessing model Earth.  
WORLD SITUATION NEED FRESH OCTOPUS.  
The bourgeois/apparatchik heads of institutes  
& enterprises cannot comprehend  
this pullulating mass of rhythms, braids  
of trends, but do pretend to understand

uneasily, do ratchet up A.I. “DO!” Necessity  
of simultaneous and penetrating modelling, with base.  
Then dreamt of rooms and faces that were not defined.

Next day: still silvereyes they welcomed one and willingly  
did sup with one above the kōwhai known as “Luigi’s” where  
cat can’t catch clutch; and stared at songthrush brown suspicious  
but I still don’t think he/she, afraid then: searching perching look.

PROCEED WITH OCTOPUS. So, bundling  
in the form of symbols’ vast swathes’ data  
download... Take for instance body is to  
soul as Babel Tower Babylon the  
Great to Babylon within your heart,  
horse recognised for mount & yet “prepared  
against the day of battle”, is to many  
aggregative trends without the soul’s clay  
envelope. Not the one without the other.

Suddenly we’re in a bucking bronc  
mid mud mode muppets: what to do, how much,  
too much ado, sand storm: had habits such  
as ignorance, sharp temper tantrums, pride,  
depreciation, bragging, gossip, hate;  
bile, bucking broncos’ brain brawn heartstring  
brandishings, not yet transmuted in the fires  
(Elisha’s oxen & the yoke thereof)  
apokatastasis of all things with God,  
of ALL things! do you hear? in Heaven and on Earth:  
Son! Shadrach, Meshach, & Abednego!  
that “shirt of flame” and “a consuming fire”  
beyond the sensate stream of Babylon  
in Promised Landfall’s Milk-and-Honeyed Light.  
I do.



“Octopus: the Necessary Model” (2019)

Мне нужно модель мира с языками.

“...didst weaken the nations” -- Isaiah  
Whither the White West? SIREN  
Whither everybody? DOOF DOOF  
Whither every ethnically homogeneous  
land? O diasporisation! Welcome!  
Welcome to our home phyletic tree!

Genetic politics of borders  
represent with colourblind  
initiatives left, right, and blue,  
and blooming of progressive algorithms,  
and among us children holding signs up  
for their masters in the distance.

Looks like the coagulation of  
a tower breaks apart and then  
returns much larger, but one can't  
be sure among these sharp, shear, edgy edges,  
marches, frontiers, fresh grounds, tentacles'  
tangle. As with tower, so with

octopus, a microcosm &  
a model. “...part of iron &  
part of clay...” (from book of Daniel)  
Modelling as simultaneously &  
penetratingly constructive strands  
like kudzu by an interstate

on power pylons: Necessary  
Model: simultaneous  
rotation of green tentacles  
among known nations. Web-bots process Earth  
like stratigraphic columns with word  
base, like Jesus' 7 flying eyes.

**N.J.**

“Our liberation from obsessive thoughts is Jesus Christ” (2019)

1. Miraculously actuarial,  
the woes on Chorazin/Bethsaida paint  
one category of true balances.  
False balances abhorred, Suleiman say.  
True balances confirm one's foundling faith,  
confirm consistency's miraculous  
expansion. Called miraculous because  
of able absence on an inner plane  
of outer contradiction sand traps. Shoo!  
Obsessive thought is flavoured alien.

2. You hardly need ouija boards  
to hear from the unkind undead  
They have to work around the house  
you see, the house one calls a head.

They are a hate track in your mind!  
obsessive thought that is not you,  
and just like you they were designed.  
A single human being is a crew –

“alone yet not alone” -- more than  
it knows. For manimals are brutes,  
within them beasties. Welcome in!  
Welcome aboard to bearing fruits,

to doing good because it's good  
and not to get promoted, make  
a killing, wow the neighbourhood.  
God is our good for goodness sake.

3. Obsessive thought-forms know how to induce  
perversions of legitimate pursuits.  
for instance turning love of solitude  
(where also loved our Lord) into a curse  
upon all sociality but roads,  
encyclopedias, and similar.  
Our vaunted solitude is simply not  
a thing! “[A]lone yet not alone”, God said  
when incarnating in the nick of time.  
We have no actual privacy at all.

4. Do you resent this? Mind's eye: summon shape  
of yon resentment. How does shape compare  
with lust or hate? Our squirm of evil is  
rebellion, as its wang in harvest field  
or inbox indicates, a dark pinched flare  
of evil, weevils in the hearts of hates.  
Our tweezers wander like a lion to  
40

devour, (No one wields such gentle tongs  
as God.) warily wander axial!  
and spherical! and dazed! We are so cruel.

5. The architecture of obsessive thought  
may be inverted to “excuse” and not  
“accuse” the neighbour whom we claim to love;  
that is, it may be turned against itself.  
Regeneration hollows lions out  
like jack o’ lanterns, grows a rabbit in  
their hearts. Uniqueness of their washing does  
not simply go away, well represents  
domestication in the house of God.  
The mental lion lies down with the Lamb.

“Regeneration's 'Second Work of Grace'” (2019)

Humiliating: it’s His talent. We’re  
no good, not in ourselves, motes in sunbeam.  
The same sword pierces through us meme by meme.  
as fate’s machinery, mates’ hates, near fear,

all grinding of sandpaper in our lives --  
backbiting comments, flat tyres, nagging wives --  
conspire to rob us of free, fragile peace  
where it makes sense to quest for golden fleece.

We believe we live forever in the Word,  
not out of it: the sword that pierces through,  
the First and Second Comings' “...all things new”  
“...is within you”! Now, comforted and spurred,

to speak of He who is our bitten tongue,  
our tact, our managed temper, each good deed.  
His way He works in us, so seldom sung,  
fosters humanity in us indeed

who were brute beasts before His spirit lit  
us, next explained flown evil thoughts as flood,  
thus how led land lay. Pulled one from the pit,  
He did: out of mire muck, out of the mud,

out of the Mariana Trench where one preened, prone  
to absence of executive control  
with callous arrogance, heart hard young stone,  
a rutting chimpanzee's worth of lost soul.

...Love happened in one’s living room, vast joy  
not an emotion but His living mind.  
He really does love veering humankind.  
He frees us to be far more than a toy.

“Day-Star Rising” (2019)

1. The New Church Writings hide no less than a rosetta stone  
the startling frame of which precise alignment with the Word  
confers an answer key add-access code, much as our Lord  
unlocked Nehushtan-Resurrection, this a thousandfold.  
This eerie Earth is like an icy stream wherein the Lord  
exposes humankind! We’re in a tadpole factory *now*.  
The proud prow, so bewildered and obsessively in pain.  
The envious, likewise tormented as a leaking boat,  
must live this truth that sets them free to be led by the Lord:  
that Jesus is our goodness and our status and our skill;  
that saying less than this if well-aware is thievery!  
That God respects not persons? Why, this same sword in us all.

2. The positive desire to serve the Lord & all mankind  
is Heaven; fear of punishment lives out prospective hell.  
The observation of one’s thoughts in order to observe  
for flares of evil, be these wheresoever found, is God’s.  
We do not steal Ferraris, do not lop off heads; therefore  
our trouble is within, from which proceed obsessive thoughts,  
the same discoursed on by the Lord, which  
are the bulk of human sin. You’d think they’d look inside, those  
lovers of the Lord (who said the Kingdom was within)!  
You look within, you watch for evil thoughts and you confess  
them to the Lord. Not that you cannot mention them to all,  
didactically to indicate interiors for all.

3. For instance, one resented people for such trivial  
transgressions as the soiling of a plastic bag. You tell  
the Lord these things, you bring up anger management, you care  
about this pressing taming of your animality,  
this phase shift from Accusing Saul to the Excusing Paul  
(if so be His regeneration dwelleth in your heart)  
amid domestication, our resentment crucified,  
as crucified as bitterness and foolishness and hate.  
It’s these we crucify; it’s cruelty, a serrated tongue  
we crucify. We need not crucify our joy of life,  
gift of the Lord, but evil thoughts and evil habits, lies  
and greed and lust and doing good for gain. Hence “Watch and pray”!

“Hel-lo, Tik-Tok” (2020)

Industrial society: more bolt  
of lightning than a plan; worn waves of Rust  
Belt, not insidious conspiracy;  
a torn, crushed, crumpled Red Bull can in mud,  
a shopping cart abandoned by the road.  
Not that some wave crests do not cackle now  
& then, pent penthouse sociopathy  
divided even as strewn street gangs are.  
The robots walked into our city on  
their soft robotic feet,  
walked down our street -- last glimmering of an  
explosion – on their soft robotic feet,  
walked out of it, diminishing into  
bright distance. Soon they are Tik-Tok again.  
Bold busybodies crisscross neighbourhoods, these  
faceless in proportion to surveillance.  
Starlings murmur from the sky in abject shock.

“The pouring of the oil and wine from dawn(1) till eventide(3)” (2020)

Your propium, your ego, fallen flesh,  
yon heart of stone that nearly fills your jar  
is doomed! unless the Saviour fills that jar  
with holy living water from the New  
Jerusalem out of a boundless sea  
of oil and wine, like Zeno's paradox  
flipped right-side up, perfecting without end,  
infinitesimal Ezekiel's feet  
no longer able to touch ground. But if  
you dare to touch that oil and wine, you kill  
two witnesses, you crucify two thieves,  
which is the night, the feet of iron and clay,  
which is the fourth phase pale horse, death and hell,  
when voice of bride and bridegroom sound no more.  
Dead night is when the priest and Levite pass;  
they pour not oil and wine into those wounds  
inflicted on one robbed and left for dead.

“They're gonna hang Confucius from the sour apple tree” (2020)

Concerning CHAZ-cum-CHOP: Orange Man poopooed by Jenny  
Durkan. Paris Commune. Late-stage Marxist-Leninism.  
Thou shouldst not revile yon Orange Man, lest and anger haunt thee.  
Thou shouldst not participate in a Two Minutes Hate, not any.  
Parallel developments of dialectic ideologies.  
Wars: Position? Motion? Late-stage Smithist-Financism  
octopus of aggregation squid ink bubble pop, we're very busied!  
War of Motion! Apparatchiks. Old Boy's Club. Both carbon  
credits, Black Lives Matter intersectional convergence,  
counterhegemonic. Trump poopooed by Governor Jay  
Inslee. '...States Rights, Leninism sitting in a tree, k-  
i-s-s-i-n-g...' Hyperinflationary debt  
pop insurrectionary epic octopus-headache crescendo  
shambles positive disintegration... 'will have order!'  
Order in this fort! Calexit? Red Guards. Washorexit?  
Red Guards pull Jeff Davis down... “We're gonna hang Jeff Davis  
from the sour apple tree.” The mob has been unleashed, has  
just pulled down slave trader Edward Colston's statue, dumped in Bristol  
harbour. Neither “Classless” nor “Democracy” but one word,  
oligarchy! Oligarchic interlocking, aggregation  
paralleling other forms of global integration.  
State of the Whole People, meet Democratism.  
Sure, they're Marxist-Leninists, but you can always buy those  
wholesale, much like mobs. A word on CHOP: Riddikulus. A  
phrase on synthesis: Far Centre. Nourished must the genii be with fear.  
Red Dawn done did it with Americans! Stunned stampede  
mass hysteria coronavirus Great Depression.  
Insurrectionary-foreign war: Novemberrevolution,  
1918-19; Red October: 1917. Red Mafia.  
“Red sky in morning, sailor's warning.” Red Guards pull down *values*.  
Wen2hua4 Da4Ge2ming4 hua4... They're gonna hang Confucius from  
the sour apple tree. They wanna pull down Washington,  
they wanna pull down Jefferson. They wanna deconstruct all  
hegemonic values. Red News, Education. Children  
chanting, holding carbon credit signs up for their masters.  
Children chanting as once college students did before them.  
“Beat the Whites with the Red Wedge”. Red, white, and blue,  
How do you do? These Hectic Twenties *get* to you, Red, white  
and blue? You're looking sick Red, white and blue, you're writhing hun.  
You 've got you a hyperinflationary insurrection,  
hun. Talking 'bout *you*, Red, white and blue! My land, you gotta  
pull yourself together hun! Red. Red. Red. Red. Red. White.  
I wonder who is paying for the Marxists and the mobs  
and what will happen to the people, people who lost jobs.  
Mine eyes have seen professionals stampeding to the moon,  
susceptible as buffalos to any passing tune.  
Their willingness to come aboard those contact tracing apps  
stands out to me as clearly now as squiggly lines on maps  
amid the driving rapids' churning, drilling them with dreaming.  
44 I know not whom but raise our flag at twilight's last gleaming.

“Temptations Great Flood Swollen Jordan Fire” (2020)

We wake up in a body with a mind  
a long time before learning to be kind,  
infested by the tapeworms of the soul,  
the ones whose present was a lump of coal  
who spark up flames within that you enjoy  
or don't, flames they enjoy and which destroy,  
flames which destroyed them when they walked the Earth,  
though in externals they displayed their worth.  
We wake amid the shambling bodies here,  
the waking personalities we near  
with language and with action, knowing not  
if in between their ears they are a bot  
or not. So much depends on watching minds  
for enemy behaviours of all kinds,  
on seeing from more inwardly with love,  
the charity of conscience from above.  
The flood of infestations bridle men  
who know not they've been taken for a spin.  
The flood of evil thoughts whose wily wang  
competeth not with joy; its oily tang  
distinguished from our good thoughts, actions, goals.  
Beneath Good's bridge lurk shadows, shambling trolls,  
ships shipwrecked far from cozy hearths, firm shores.  
No organ of our bodies, these are sores,  
these piercing thoughts of deadened reprobates –  
the nagging emphasis on one it hates --  
known as intrusive thoughts to people now.  
You're never quite alone behind your brow.  
The thoughts of reprobates that flood your head,  
perhaps distressed insomniac in bed,  
perhaps amid torn turmoil of bright day  
in shadowy recesses on the way  
comprise the fiery trial which tempts your soul,  
the great flood and what time the Jordan's swole,  
the 40 days and nights of Jesus' fast,  
the 40 years the Church of Sinai passed,  
the Red Sea that destroyed all Pharaoh's host  
through which the Israelites from coast to coast  
proceeded like the house built on the rock  
through fiery flood which purifies the flock.



“Our Father Jesus, Saviour of the World” (2020)

He is the light and heat. We are the dust.  
That image causing jealousy? Our lust.  
He is the love and truth, the joyous sound  
of bride and bridegroom, wherewith we abound;  
abound that is with mutuality  
sincerity, with true sodality  
and charity with everyone within.  
Our Saviour from hereditary sin  
is that same highway in the desert fools  
can even travel as their lava cools.  
He is the testing opportunity  
to live forever and in unity.  
He melts the biggest ice chips in our hearts.  
Thereafter, even if by fits and starts,  
the littler ice chips cannot bear His heat.  
(His is the truth we drink, the good we eat);  
these ice chips being lesser grudges, chips  
on shoulders, feuds involving snarly quips,  
and suchlike baggage in the cargo bay  
which we resist such that it flees away,  
attenuating to a shadow here  
so that a true conjunction can cohere;  
that is, conjunction with the God Man by  
conjuncting good and truth with the Most High.  
The Divine Human is Almighty Lord  
and God and everlasting Father's Word;  
and even people who don't know His name  
can still conjunct, still play Love's hidden game.  
For name is like to have a good name is;  
so those who do His deeds are truly His;  
not Nicolaitans, for a reward!  
but even out of sight of one accord,  
with all who live this way, conjuncting well  
with Heaven as opposed to with some Hell.  
Be not surprised that Jesus sometimes lets  
the sand into your oyster shells and then,  
(once we've become aware of law thus sin),  
the rain temptation waterblasts your house  
with vile insinuations like a mouse  
or many mice perhaps, annoying as  
a nagging voice some man or woman has.  
It nags all night as accusation piles  
on accusation, fantasising wiles  
succeed each other, resist our control.  
So far as we oppose them, so far whole,  
so far abundant, liberated from  
enslavement, beating to a different drum,  
the mutual love of Heaven in our hearts.  
This is the unity He makes of parts

46

and why we woke up in a ticking bomb  
that starts out dancing, then falls in the tomb,  
same belly Lazarus lay in 3 days.  
This is life's meaning beyond all the haze  
of battle, nags within and nags without,  
the frenemies, the hypocrites, the shout  
and bustle of metropoli, hired mobs'  
two-way conduction and whatever robs  
the people of their dearly purchased dough.  
And those same people reap as they did sow.  
We'd best sow good thoughts and good deeds or else!  
The reprobate in fiery shadows dwells.  
They share our heads to fructify our souls.  
They hate us, even what we love, our goals.  
Such is the flame of testing in our hearts,  
becoming Moses: humble, skilled in arts  
of the Egyptians, sure the Lord is light  
that lights our bulbs, a truth that dispels pride,  
and that gives envy no place to abide.

“Field Notes on the Living God” Spring 2020

Jesus Grew Up + From Everlasting  
from wilderness unto Gethsemane  
from His 1<sup>st</sup> Flood unto the victory on  
the Cross which glorified, fully fulfilled  
Isaiah 9, verse 6, His wandering  
in Sinai fiery furnace fiery trial  
unto the tears of blood among the blooms  
among which He proceeded towards night's cross,  
His victory overcoming cornerstone,  
the cornerstone of best fit of all lines.  
The God Man, Divine Human Jesus Christ,  
addresses us in verses of best fit,  
aims for the most regenerations,  
(a maximum utilitarian approach  
exactly in accordance with the love  
of liberty) and blooms within us at  
exactly when we can be kept in love,  
a love that gradually gets purified.  
A pure relational event transpires,  
and following this brush with joyous dawn  
you no more need the proof of which they speak  
than need to prove your partner has a mind.  
Regeneration sucks the poison from  
our wounds, our wound up fantasising lusts  
for anything, not just arousal in  
the narrow sense, but anything at all.  
It's Jesus who instructs how to love,  
who flows into our stockpiled divine truths  
as wine into a vessel, brightly shines  
from Mt Paran, blooms-rises in the heart  
the hunted hare has, gentleness upon  
it, has it, cups it carefully, so much  
more carefully than we cup ants (but great  
by far than we above the ants, His love  
sustaining us from plunging into Hell!).  
Beyond our thoughts in secret passageways  
outside of training forms like time and space,  
belief becomes instruction in the art  
of love instead of bitterness, first stir  
of mutual love, the pearl of great price known  
as charity, the charity on which  
the law and prophets hang, the cuckoo clock  
of prophecy, the passion play of fall  
in charity in course of quarters, love  
consociating us where we most belong.  
He knows that many simply will not believe  
so gives us many leaves for healing lands,  
domesticates hereditary sin,  
the tendencies thereto which we all have.

He does not need one's testimony but  
our everlasting Father Jesus Christ,  
that inexpressible and holy joy  
who calibrated what is holiness  
was clearly intertwined with all  
conception and all creativity –  
“without whom there is nothing done that's done” --  
and outside ordinary time and space.  
Joy taught one thereby how to overcome  
past bitterness, establishing excuse  
upon excuse for other people, how  
to notice one's wound up severity.  
This is not dogma! these are field notes here,  
this happens as your partner happens, as  
a migraine happens, as the radio  
will bongo, as we drain a dram of dream.  
These then are field notes on the living God  
relational event dawn Jesus Christ  
one can't express! such intricate and vast  
expansive silent organ music! How  
dawn helped one get up in the morning! How  
His love instructed one in noticing  
the other human beings, loving them  
(1<sup>st</sup> Thessalonians 4:9, I believe),  
the mutual love of Jesus in our hearts  
that swallows up the flood the dragon spews.

“The marks of sin and error in the hand and in the head” 4-2/3-21

Hysterical totalitarian  
humongous “Long Emergency” Peak Oil  
Peak Everything Peak Population Eek!

Despite totalitarian features in these creepy crawly men  
I would be more concerned about our error and our sin.

Seek Him and worry not about the mark  
in head which is the same old sin or mark  
in hand that is the same old error, not  
some technocratic fearporn zombie film  
catastrophism worry lest one damn  
oneself by getting barcode, feeding kids!

It winds them up with burning fear, it rends their hearts.  
May all such fearporn on this Earth be broken down for parts.

There's too much boogabooga, Brave New World...  
Like smog, it can't be healthy for the young  
or old or “man unkind”. Fear is itself  
totalitarian, so never believe  
a Big Lie if you can avoid mere faith  
in governments and corporations to  
be affable sincere upfront and not  
have interests, some inimical, perhaps,  
to citizens who have a conscience left.

You have enough to keep you up at night,  
need oil and wine poured in your wounds, and light!

Let's flee their clutches to our nearby calm  
tranquility alertness diligence  
renewing spirituality! May dawn  
of timelessness within the flesh of time,  
the fountain of His timelessness in us,  
instruct you, bloom in you, convey you forth  
in safety, well up in your conscience like  
a lamp! Let not this world dishearten you.  
Let not this treacherous ochlocracy's  
canned cancelation cancel you for good.  
Let not this stampede with a million eyes  
surveilling all with not cabal but mob  
suspicion, roving revolution, Rome,  
stamp over you with hooves of cesium  
and technocratic sacking of Bastilles,  
and anarchic surveilled swiveling eyes!

O Lord, open their eyes that they might see  
the nurturance and light you showed to me.  
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Lest gentle bread and subtle wine die out,  
degenerating into eating bread with care  
by measure, drinking water (wine too) with  
astonishment, may God blow on the coal  
of His Church in the wilderness of here  
and now; that gentleness may prosper here  
as in the Heavens not the bread of night  
and wickedness and mourning; and that wine  
and not the wine of violence of the lie /  
the error / the distortion may light up  
this labyrinth with glory, inmost breadth.

He rides the horse of understanding in the Word  
beyond the flicking surface angel's flaming sword.

“Scratched Doodle on Exam Room Desk” Autumn 2021

We saw an Empire crash and burn:  
most humans cycle more than learn,  
*She paints her wrath with Cynthia and Steve.*  
this came as no surprise. We praised  
its sunset with our lips but dazed  
(we had to after all, because  
of the hysterical totalitarian stampede)  
among the liars in our heads  
*He paints his envy with the face of Tom.*  
which suckle on our empty dreads  
we see a dream we choose of love  
or hate as light by shadow, dove  
by owl we crumble in the room  
where Jesus's sword cuts through  
our foreheads and our hands with flood and fire,  
where we are choices in His loom.  
*She never ceased to paint her wrath with Cynthia and Steve:*  
*uncircumcised, slain by the sword.*  
We reap the whirlwind that we sow  
be this a lifetime of mere self  
*a grape skin empty bottle*  
*lightbulb's filament, a mote of dust*  
or prospering our neighbour's health.  
Our automation phase shift looms  
*Watch out for hating people you don't hate!*  
in offices and living rooms  
as mass society stampedes.  
*They paint their issues with your face!*  
True warnings happen. No one heeds,  
or few. The technocratic mob  
howls. Someone guiltless has no job.  
*He never ceased to paint his envy with the face of Tom:*  
*uncircumcised, slain by the sword.*

“Death to TV! Death! Death! Only Death! ” (2021)

Men trust their Project Fear feed far too much,  
endangering their liberty and mine  
with mass hysterias of feedback loops,  
should notice the red flags inherent in  
such strident 'news'. You want to make the world  
a better place? Get rid of it, don't let  
the vilest human devils on this Earth  
not only wind you up with fear but make  
a profit in the bargain! You should not  
allow this evil curse to rule your house,  
to lie to your own spouse and your own kids.

“Elegy for the Victims of Hysterical Totalitarianism” (2021)

FEAR *The humans are stampeding on the veldt,*  
Hey citizens! The wonderful experimental drug  
FEARPORN *stampeding down the interstate,*  
is ready, it's on special, wow! Let's do this!  
FEEDBACK LOOPS *in a blind panic*  
Look, they're lining up, celebrities  
and all! There's Midwin Charles! Oh wait there's not.  
Or was one heck of a coincidence!  
SUBLIMINALS *whilst wild calliopes galumph.*  
1. Unplug electric cobra.  
2. Change the world.

“We're going to need far more tentacles than this!” (2021)

If Centre abnegation Overton  
contraction led to Hard Right, Hard Left or  
Hard Centre (being Far's successful fruiting), one would hope  
for such a leader as the noble Salazar.  
For Abnegation of the Centre leads to Overton  
contraction → Polarised society → Disequilibrium.  
Hard Left – Hard Centre – and Hard Right vie with the abnegation caste;  
whence Stalin, Salazar, and Strident Mustache, not at Yalta but  
as though. Before the silence falls, now know:  
The abnegation of the Centre muffles language as  
speech muddies, renders it mob-hashtag rule  
instead of English, plants mines in precisely truth,  
kills cities. Crumbling infrastructure – Debt –  
The terrorising of selectorates and courts --  
Fearporn-imbued, totalitarian *Move! Move it! Move along!*  
hysteria – Steered automation idle people bomb –  
The situation's far too complex and  
dynamic for the present leadership  
to even grasp! Sock puppets do not rule  
but file the paperwork of tidal waves  
with Globalism's Moolah (1) and its State (2),  
which both not just the first will aggregate  
in interlocking of directorate.  
Unlike 'Reptilians', this one boasts proof!  
Those stuffed shirts simply are not bright enough  
nor brisk enough to keep with the Earth  
they 'rule' supposedly in Parliaments  
and boardrooms, think tanks and foundations, but  
don't actually; they're more like surfers on  
our wave, and then our wave is over. They're  
relieved not to be dangling from a post  
who now and then might implement the Moon  
and lash The People with mere urgency.



“The ripples of His having come again”

Before the 2<sup>nd</sup> Coming, it was simpler far  
to hide one's inner predilections with a mask,  
whereas these sorting outers days we scream out what are,  
at least comparatively, new wine in new flask.

The shockwaves of His Comings radiate in waves  
that drown the Nephilim, drown also Pharaoh's troops  
and raise His New Church morning white horse from their graves,  
a head of gold, the faithful city in fresh groups

and fresh considerations, patching not the old.  
He came, Friends, like a thief just like He said  
He would, just as discreetly as He came with gold  
wed silver for the inner humans in His head.

He came not to invade the Earth with angel host,  
nor with the conquest Jews and Christians thought He would,  
but with the fiery teaching of the Holy Ghost,  
which maketh all things new like truthfulness and good.

These truths and goods, these rungs on Jacob's ladder should  
be married, which is their conjunction with the Lord,  
and not adulterous. Choose your forever 'hood  
with care along the way and grow to love the Word.

For when adulterous then truth and good  
are bread of wickedness and wine of violence, thus  
the evil and the false, the harlot's neighborhood.  
Hence the commandments taught by God Himself to us.

“The Interlocking of Directorate is Green” (2021)

*The East is Red*

“My gown stays white  
from morn till night  
upon the road of Anthracite...” \*  
Why do the soldiers have a holiday  
but not the miners? Curious! For brave  
boys and brave men braved darkness and collapse.  
“The clock struck twelve,  
the mouse ran down....”  
Cheaply extractable petroleum  
ran down. We ran down Sunset Boulevard  
together from Tomorrowland's RustBelt-  
ifying lying, or at best half truth-  
ful euphemistic language, taking breaks  
from all that dirty hectic resource use  
& economic growth, a sort of UBI  
or Universal Basic Income but  
with added fear, hysteria, and lies,  
these rapids of recalibration. “Ring  
around the rosie,  
pocket full of posies,  
Ashes! Ashes!  
We all fall down.”  
We tried to hold onto increasingly  
greased ladders but we all fell down and down.  
It came back into fashion to be tough.  
“Be not a cancer on the Earth.  
Leave room for nature.”  
Colony collapse disorder. Massive  
drop in bird & insect population.  
Yes, “Leave room for nature”; and for freedom.  
Yes, “Be not a cancer on the Earth”. Leave  
room for liberty. Leave room for liberty.

\*This was a historical commercial jingle advertising a train line run on anthracite and thus cleaner mentioned on Wikipedia.

“Once upon a time and space there was a planet” (2021)

with a geometrically expanding population  
and a finite resource base. Instead of telling people  
why there were so many and dramatic changes  
suddenly, it was decided to REDACTED carbon  
credits and abortion, homosexuality REDACTED  
mobilising children to demand REDACTED  
so that aggregating interlocking  
of directorate just said that cow farts  
didn't want new airports. Sometimes it's expedient to  
say that history was your own idea, preserving  
thus a shred of dignity. We got so idealistic,  
don't you know. REDACTED. Marshall the influencers! “Wake  
up the china!” “Wake up, Neo”. Wake up,  
Everyman. Ah, winter. Time to sting the drones.  
When we touch starfish they just liquify.  
Even sardines have gotten tired of us.  
Aha! We know! We'll put us under house  
arrest and that will keep her very well.  
The Science Is Uh Settled (which it never is of course)  
as raggedly totalitarian decline declined  
to mention, thus REDACTED silence fell REDACTED

